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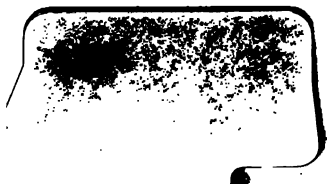
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280  
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280 f. 2482







**THE**  
**DEVIL'S PROGRESS.**

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**J. UNWIN,**  
**White Lion Court, Cornhill,**  
**London.**





280 f. 2482







**THE**  
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THE  
DEVIL'S PROGRESS.

**A Poem.**

BY  
THE EDITOR OF THE  
'COURT JOURNAL.'



“ This volume we can pronounce to be as attractive in its appearance,  
as it is laudable in its object.”

COURT JOURNAL.

SECOND EDITION.

LONDON:  
LUPTON RELFE, CORNHILL.

1830.





TO  
HIS MAJESTY'S  
ATTORNEY-GENERAL

**This Poem**

IS INSCRIBED;

TO TESTIFY THE AUTHOR'S APPROBATION OF HIS  
JUDICIOUS AND PERSEVERING EFFORTS,  
IN THE CAUSE OF ITS  
HERO.



## PREFACE.

It is scarcely necessary to say that this poem owes its origin to the striking (though not, otherwise, very clever) *Jeu d'Esprit* from which its epigraph is adopted; and which has been, for some time, running about the world, under the credit of the various paternities of Porson, Coleridge, and Southey,—the latter of whom is (or perhaps the two latter, jointly, are) pretty generally supposed to be its authors. To whomsoever this title may be due, it is probable that it has not been considered, by its

author, worth reclaiming; as, excepting the ingenuity of its idea, (more felicitous, after all, than original,) it has little to recommend it, and was, there can be little doubt, thrown upon the world, by the writer, as a thing of no pretension. The notice which has been attracted, by its singularity, (a notice increased and perpetuated by the mistake which, for so long a time, assigned it to Porson, and which mistake, probably, induced many to think it more singular than it really is,) has produced several imitations of it; and of the original poem itself, and its various imitations, (including one published, in part, by Mr. Moore, from the posthumous papers of Lord Byron, and stated to be in the possession of Lord Holland,) it may be said, generally, that the *plan* (due, of course, only to the first,) forms the principal merit. To this remark the present poem is not offered as any exception,—being a mere undigested squib, hastily sketched, and putting forth no claim to be considered as anything more than

a rough and unfinished adaptation of an idea, which, however, it appears to the author, might, in fit hands, be rendered singularly available for the purposes of satire, of a better order than mere personalities.

It will be seen, from the poem itself, that it was written some months ago; and its publication has been delayed, for part of that time, by circumstances connected with its wood-cut illustrations. This will account for one or two of the allusions, of which the change in the position of things, during that time, may seem, in some measure, to have superseded the propriety. They are, however, for the most part, not much out of place, with the single exception of the note on French affairs; which, had it not, long since, been in print, would, (as wearing the appearance of a prophecy after fulfilment,) have been suppressed. Directly as that note alludes to the events which have, since, taken place,—and convinced, as all thinking persons, acquainted with the present condition of France

and the French people, must have been, that such a 'consummation' was as surely to be expected, sooner or later, as it was 'devoutly to be wished,'—it was impossible, at the time when it was written, to foresee that she and they were on the *immediate eve* of a revolution, so unexampled in its rapidity, and so entire in its scope;—a revolution (having no parallel in the world's history), in which, without the aid of pre-concert, or system, or leaders, the universal mind of France has worked to ends which would have justified far more calamitous means,—and liberty, trampled upon, has risen, as it were, by its own natural rebound, shewing how deeply it had embedded itself in a soil that, fifty years ago, nourished only bigots and slaves. We look back upon the changes which a few weeks have produced, with the vague wonderment and delight which we experience from the shiftings of a phantasmagoric vision,—so entire is the transformation, so almost *invisible* the agents. Hear Mr. Casimir Delavigne's

inscription on the medal struck off, in commemoration of these events, and for the benefit of the families of those who fell in producing them :—

“ France ! dis moi leurs noms ; je n’en vois point paraître,  
Sur ce funèbre monument ;  
Ils ont vaincu si promptement  
Que j’étais libre avant de les connaître !”

Notwithstanding the fearful events which accompanied France’s Revolution of 1789, it is impossible to look back, in any other than a spirit of congratulation, on the earthquake which has so completely cleansed her moral atmosphere, and so irrevocably overthrown the strong-holds of her tyranny ;—impossible to regret a convulsion, however awful in its workings, which has roused her from the lowest and most degraded state of stagnation and demoralization, and made her instinct with the spirit of a pervading and unquenchable freedom. Nor for herself, alone, has France conquered. The example



which she has given is, even now, knocking loudly at the doors of every other Cabinet in Europe; and the prospects of her whole Continent are brightened, as by a new light. The times are full of hope. By her own unaided arm, has that noble and high-minded people, within a few weeks, destroyed two wide-spreading tyrannies. Let others do *their* part. There is something affecting in the picture of the deposed African monarch, subscribing allegiance to, and claiming protection from him, who, ere that allegiance could be received, or that protection afforded, is, himself, an exile,—struck from his throne, even while he was yet busy demolishing that of his neighbour. And there is something both affecting and cheering in the idea of those treasures, which are the hoarded product of a long crusade against liberty, in every form, being released from their dark receptacles, to further the cause of liberty triumphant,—to feed that holy flame which—like the fire of Mr. Moore's Ghebers—

is spreading, and shall spread, consuming everything in its way,—extinguishers and all !\*

To the number of illustrations intended to accompany the poem, another has been added, since the events, above alluded to, illustrative of the lines,

“ But what was said and settled there,  
By the Devil and the king,  
We are sure to know on an early day” ;—

which were written in anticipation of some such act of infatuation. This cut represents the Devil as a witness to the signing of the ordinances which have cost the royal madman his throne ; and is, we believe, a concession to the wit of our Printer, who suggested that we should imitate the French people, by *cutting* Charles the tenth, and his ministers,—and to the still brighter wit of the Printer’s Devil, who improved upon his master’s suggestion, by

\* See Mr. Moore’s Fable of the Extinguishers, from his “ Fables for the Holy Alliance.”

recommending that *we* should rather set an example for the imitation of the *French people*,—by bringing the said monarch and ministers *to the block*.

We take this opportunity of informing the public, that the ‘*Court-Journal*,’ (from whose veracious records the materials for the following poem have been gathered,—and which contains the earliest and most authentic, as well as exclusive, intelligence of the movements of all such elevated and distinguished personages, and the “secrets of their boudoirs”,) is published, every Saturday, by Messrs. Colburn and Bentley, New Burlington Street; and may be had of all News-Venders, in Town and Country.

THE  
DEVIL'S PROGRESS.



THE  
DEVIL'S PROGRESS.

From his brimstone bed, at break of day,  
A walking the Devil is gone,  
To visit his snug little farm of the earth,  
And see how his stock gets on.

THE DEVIL'S WALK.

THE Devil sits in his easy chair,  
Sipping his sulphur tea,  
And gazing out, with a pensive air,  
O'er the broad bitumen sea;  
Lulled into sentimental mood,  
By the spirits' far-off wail,

That sweetly, o'er the burning flood,  
Floats on the brimstone gale!—  
The Devil, who can be sad, at times,  
In spite of all his mummery,  
And grave,—though not so prosy quite  
As drawn by his friend Montgomery,—  
The Devil, to-day, has a dreaming air,  
And his eye is raised, and his throat is bare!

His musings are of many things,  
That—good or ill—befell,  
Since Adam's sons macadamized  
The highways into hell:—  
And the Devil—whose mirth is *never* loud,—  
Laughs with a quiet mirth,  
As he thinks how well his serpent-tricks  
Have been mimicked, upon earth;  
Of Eden and of England, soiled  
And darkened by the foot  
Of those who preach with adder-tongues,  
And those who eat the fruit;  
Of creeping things, that drag their slime

Into God's chosen places,  
 And knowledge leading into crime,  
 Before the angels' faces;  
 Of lands—from Nineveh to Spain,—  
 That have bowed, beneath his sway,  
 And men who did his work,—from Cain,  
 To Viscount C\*\*\*|\*\*\*\*gh!

The Devil called for Dagon,  
 That "ancient fish-like" spirit,  
 A sort of water-dragon,  
 Of a very fiendish merit;—  
 Commander he, already, was  
 Of all the host of Devils,  
 Prime minister, of high repute  
 For generating evils!  
 To him, who o'er the Pagan hosts  
 Had governed long and well,  
 His prince consigned the government  
 Of the mother-country, Hell;—  
 A hook-nosed little Devil,  
 With a very knowing look,



And he entered on his dignity,  
By the title of ' Regent-duke !'<sup>1</sup>

The Devil has doffed his fire-proof hat,  
His royal wire-gauze vest,

#### NOTES.

<sup>1</sup> The matter of regencies,—like most other matters, in this age of improvement,—is becoming greatly simplified. We remember, in our school-boy days, a song which promised many wonderful things from the then novel application of steam to a variety of mechanical purposes; and a more cautious version of the same song, written by some one of colder and more sceptical temperament, in which the said effects were made to be conditional upon the moon's being converted into green cheese. This condition, as far as we know, has not yet been fulfilled; and, nevertheless, the said agent has been used to results more extraordinary than those contemplated by the said prophetic effusion. There seems, at present, no reason to despair of its being rendered available for the facilitation of purposes which have, hitherto, been supposed to depend, for their accomplishment, upon certain moral processes, alone. Already, it has been discovered that a portion of the government of the country can be "done" by means of a mechanical apparatus—a stamping machine,—which has received the sanction of the legislature, (for the exclusive benefit, we presume, of his Grace, the patentee); and, there needs only an extension of the same idea (an enlargement of the powers of the

His amianthine trowsers,  
And his jacket of asbest!—  
But where shall the Devil find a dress

## NOTES.

said instrument, and the application of steam to facilitate its operations,) to enable us to add to the triumphs which science has achieved in our day, that of a 'Royal Steam-Engine,' capable of performing all the functions of the executive, with precision and despatch. Even in times when the weight and importance of business might require the application of a high-pressure power, no danger could be apprehended to the state, with such a safety-valve as the *responsibility* of *military* ministers. There is, really, something exceedingly pleasant in the solemn farces which we see occasionally got up, at present, for the edification of the public mind; and we live in an age when dukes, not being very dangerous, contrive to be very amusing. It is well, however, that the times allow their tricks to wear the character of amusement, rather than of danger; for our watch-dogs appear to be all asleep, or eating the sops which have been thrown to them.

By the way, there was something most felicitous in the tact which sent the Chancellor of his most gracious Majesty, George the Fourth, to seek his precedents in the reign of Henry the Eighth. His most gracious Majesty had been there, for precedents, before.

That a gentleman of birth  
 May sport, in the gay metropolis  
 Of his colony, the earth?—  
 P\*\*t sent a full-dress uniform,  
 With its ornaments of *guilt*;<sup>2</sup>  
 Sir William C\*\*t\*s longed to see  
 The Devil in a kilt!  
 Sir Robert Walpole lent his cloak,  
 But that was stained with mud,—  
 And Paine his cap of liberty,  
 But that was soiled with blood!  
 To dress the Devil in *his* clothes  
 Lord L\*\*d\*\*d\*\*\*y *burned*,  
 But the breeches had seen much dirty work,  
 And the coat been often turned!  
 The emperor Alexander sent three pairs of pumps,<sup>3</sup>

## NOTES.

<sup>2</sup> *Query, Gilt?—Printer's Devil.*

<sup>3</sup> This mountebank monarch—whose dancing, (if we may credit paragraphs in newspapers and anecdotes of memoir-

For his royal brother to choose,  
But the Devil's a gentleman, and scorned to stand  
In any blackguard's shoes !  
Pitt offered the Devil his ' pilot's' dress,

## NOTES.

writers,) seems to have formed a standing interlude to the dreadful dramas in which, through life, he was engaged ; and who, in the latter years of that life, especially, appears to have assumed the character of Ballet-master, in that strolling company which has, facetiously enough, denominated itself ' The *Holy Alliance*,' (*lucus à non lucendo!*)—must have had a tolerable stock of these articles. It is impossible to contemplate the Imperial Cooomb, whirling himself, in one perpetual waltz, through scenes from which the imagination recoils, with unspeakable disgust, without recalling the idea embodied in the old pictures of the ' Dance of Death'! The abstract image of the crowned and starred *figurant* would be inexpressibly ludicrous, if it were *possible* to abstract it from those other images amid which its perpetual presence gives so painful an impression of unfitness. There cannot be a more splendid example of *Bathos* than that which the mind experiences in the sudden transit (if it can make the fall, without dislocating itself,) from the idea of the Imperial Captive, with his restless and mighty heart eating itself away, on his solitary rock, in the ocean,—to that of the dandy Emperor, (with whom he played, as with a shuttlecock,) dancing a *Polonaise!*

In which he had "weathered the storm,"<sup>4</sup>  
But the dress was a very *costly* dress,  
And the Devil disliked its form ;—  
And he thought, with a smile, upon England, the while,  
And the trick which her pilot had taught her,  
Of shielding herself from the storm above,  
By putting her head *under water* !

## NOTES.

<sup>4</sup> By the way, as that same phrase of "weathering the storm" is one of those which are used by every body, and not understood by quite so many,—it may be as well to state, here, that Mr. Pitt's method of "weathering a storm" was by taking a fine vessel out of dock, (where she was exceedingly snug and safe,) into the midst of it, by way of shewing his seamanship,—he being, at the same time, Captain and Pilot; and,—after performing a variety of very clever evolutions, in the teeth of the gale, and having had a considerable quantity of his crew washed overboard,—the said vessel was brought back into port, by the first Lieutenant, utterly dismantled, and with every soul on board sea-sick,—the Captain, himself, having died of sea-sickness, before she could get home again. By this death, a general promotion took place on board the ship; and the officers, naturally enough, over their grog, are loud, in honour of the event to which they owe their advancement. The vessel is, at present, in the *dry-dock*, refitting.

Judge Jefferies would have lent his wig,—  
 A wig to the Devil's own mind,—  
 But he hinted that his brother B\*\*t  
 Had one of the self-same kind ;  
 The fire, he said, *near* which he stood  
 Had done his own much wrong,  
 But his brother B\*\*t's was quite as good,  
 And had not been burnt, so long !<sup>5</sup>  
*One* sent a suit that in the Court  
 Of Chancery had been worn,  
 But the *suit* was very much *too long*,  
 And the pockets were stripped and torn ;  
 The coat was out at the elbows, and seemed  
 As if *bill*-hooks had slashed the sleeves,  
 And the trowsers looked as the wearer  
 Had fallen among thieves !  
 A courtier sent a full court-dress,

## NOTES.

<sup>5</sup> *Query*—Is not this an anachronism ?—*Printer's Devil*.

“ Coming events cast their shadows before.”—CAMPBELL.

Which fitted the Devil, with ease,  
 But Satan is proud, and the breeches  
 Were threadbare *about the knees!*  
 Machiavel politely lent  
 A "coat of many colours,"  
 But the Devil is far too wise to ape  
 The *habits* of earth's rulers!  
 A letter for Prince Metternich  
 Was in the waistcoat-pocket,  
 And, "per favour the Devil," to "his Grace *the*  
     duke,"  
 A new-planned C\*\*g\*\*ve rocket;—  
 (In his ancient calling, that worthy knight  
 Had laboured long and well,  
 And perfected his instrument,  
 In the crucibles of Hell!)

Of these packets the Devil took charge, with a grin,  
 As, also, of another,  
 From Dagon, the Regent-duke of Hell,  
 To the Regent-duke, his brother!  
 A letter from Cardinal Belial,

To his Holiness, the Pope,  
 And Governor \*\*\*\* sent back, to his son,  
 The old ancestral rope!  
 Prince Moloch to N\*\*c\*\*\*le's duke  
 Sent overtures, to sell  
 Two snug close-boroughs of his own,  
 Near to the fire, in Hell;  
 He said, too, that, as earth was crammed,  
 With over-population,  
 There were pleasant tracts, amongst the damned,  
 Most fit for emigration;  
 The soil, he said, had, long, been drained,  
 To any heart's desire,  
 And each man might sit down, at once,  
 Beside his own warm fire;  
 For the surplus vagabonds of earth  
 No fitter vent could be,  
 And the duke and Michael Sadler  
 Were asked to come and see!

There was a letter to one Mrs. C\*\*\*tts,  
 Writ by one Mistress Gwynne,



And another, from one Fanny Roots,  
 To a b\*\*d near Lincoln's Inn !  
 An unsealed letter, written,  
 As it seemed, with a bloody hand,  
 Had these five enigmatic words,  
 " Why CUMBERest thou the LAND ?"  
 It bore the name of ' S\*\*\*\*s,'  
 At its foot,—and in the room  
 Of other name, had this address,  
 " The Devil *knows* for whom !"

All these—besides petitions, signed,  
 To the British legislation,  
 By all the freeholders in Hell,  
 Against ' emancipation';  
 One for a tax upon the wind—  
 (Pitt only taxed the *light!*)<sup>6</sup>

## NOTES.

<sup>6</sup> After all, the fame of the great " pilot who weathered the storm" must, mainly, depend upon the practical sublimity of that one idea. The range of taxation was thought to have been pretty well understood, and its coasts skirted in their full

And one for an excise on *mind*,  
 (The *intellectual* sight,—

## NOTES.

extent,—till Pitt, like a financial Columbus, disclosed a new world to Chancellors of the Exchequer, and opened golden prospects to the Treasury. All taxes to be laid, by future ministers, on such commodities as *air, dew, thunder, &c.* (and even the Devil's idea of "raising the wind," by taxing it,) can only be regarded as copies of the original and master thought. Well might *he* assume to weather all storms, moral and physical, who dealt with the natural elements, themselves, as his subjects; and it can scarcely be a disparagement to even so great a spirit as the Devil to "row in the same boat with Mr. Pitt,"—as Lord Eldon (who served, "before the mast," in that goodly boat's-company, — with which it is, truly, a pleasure and a pride to have been even a passenger,) expresses it, in his maudlin moods,—his *noctibus ambrosianis!* Not merely has Mr. Pitt merited immortality, by his discovery of new financial regions, when the old were exhausted,—but it should not be overlooked, in ascertaining the *amount* of his claims, that the novel subjects which he introduced to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, to be "dealt upon," (as the executioner phrases it, in his politer moments,) by that officer, have an advantage over all previous subjects of taxation, which could only have suggested itself to a master mind, like Pitt's. From most of the former taxes, the utterly poor and wretched could contrive to escape, by denying themselves every comfort that could cheer,

The Devil felt he had made a hit,  
When he could, thus, refine on Pitt !)

## NOTES.

and every necessary that could support them, in bearing the weary load of a pauper's life ;—by giving “ a stone ” to their children, when they cried for “ bread ” ; and bidding them go out into God's open sunshine, with the birds, and drink of the rain and the dew which the butterfly drinks, and pays nothing for it. Nay, it has been thought that even the great primal and paramount laws of human nature would not be strong enough to resist the power of taxation ; and that a tax upon population itself, would, probably, lead to an abstinence which would defeat its own end ; (to say nothing of a few other trifling inconveniences to the future condition and resources of the empire, which might result from it,—but which a “ great minister,” like Mr. Pitt, would, of course, overlook, if his immediate object could be obtained, at their expense.) That wonderful statesman, therefore, had nothing left but to tax those very things which the beggar shares with the bird and the butterfly ;—and, as *air*, for instance, is a commodity of which every man, woman, and child must be a consumer, at least in a small way, he felt tolerably sure that, in no case, could the revenue be entirely defrauded. As for the asthmatic subjects, he “ nailed ” them !

By the way, there is something exquisitely pleasant in the idea of a *blind* man paying the *wind-tax* !

To have *thought* gaged, like whiskey,  
 Ere it was stamped "for vent,"  
 And keep its fiery spirit down,  
 To "proof of parliament,"  
 And seize illicit mental-mills  
 As you would seize illicit stills;—  
 All these (to be presented  
 And enforced with subtle words,  
 By the Devil, in the Commons' House,  
 And L\*\*d\*\*\*\*\*t in the Lords'),<sup>7</sup>  
 And all the dresses he had worn,

## NOTES.

<sup>7</sup> It should be mentioned, here, in reference to the last of these petitions, that Sir J\*\*\*\* S\*\*\*\*\*t would have been requested to assist the Devil, in supporting the prayer of it, had not his name been inserted, as chief commissioner of the proposed new Excise, into a bill founded upon the said petition, and intended to be introduced by his Satanic Majesty, if permitted to take his seat in the House of Commons. That paragon of censors, George Colman, the younger, (whose deputy-licensing jokes are infinitely more facetious than all his "Broad Grins," or any other of his early indecencies,) is spoken of for the situation of an under-clerk, in the same office.

With most *eclat*, on earth,  
His Cardinal's and Capuchin's,  
Policeman's—and so forth,  
(His Inquisitor's had been much used,  
And, now, was little worth,)  
Were folded in the Devil's pack,  
And strapped, with his tail, upon his back!—

Then,—leaving, with Beëlzebub,  
A note for Miguël,  
A Portuguese, expected there,—  
He turned his back on Hell;  
And—whirled along in a sulphur-cloud,  
The Devil's own steam coach,—  
Up towards sun-bright Sicily,  
He made his hot approach!  
There, mounting on his fiery steed,—  
A young volcano's back,—  
He shot into the upper air,  
By his ancient, royal track;  
And, 'mid the roar of Ætna's guns,  
Which thundered a salute,

Rode down its side, right royally,  
And dismounted at its foot !

Away—away, on rushing wings,  
His northward flight takes he,—  
A shadow in the air, that flings  
No shadow on the sea !—  
The deep Ægean, all that night,  
Saw neither star nor moon,  
The scents fell, withered, back to earth,  
And the birds sang out of tune ;  
The watchmen-owls, in their hollow trees,  
Were afraid to call the hour,  
And all the beer in the Cyclades,  
In a single night, grew sour !—  
As he paused above those ancient isles  
Where the Devil and the Turk  
Had played so many pleasant tricks,  
And done each other's work,  
In every isle, on every heart,  
Fell down a nameless fear,  
As the "evil days" were come again,

And the Mussulman were near!—  
But peace and hope above them hung,  
In a glorious rainbow blent,  
One arm was over Arta flung,  
And one on Volo leant,—<sup>s</sup>  
And the Devil knew it was a spell  
Too strong for Istamboul—or Hell!

From the glad green isles, in their bright blue frames,  
He turned, with a heart opprest,—  
But pleasant thoughts, as he eastward steered,  
Grew up within his breast!  
At home, he had some of his Moslem friends,

## NOTES.

<sup>s</sup> The boundary-line from Arta to Volo,—including Acarnania, and a part of Ætolia, together with Candia, and some other islands, all of which lie *without* the line marked by the course of the Aspro-Potamos,—(though not that intended for the new Greek State, by the guaranteeing powers,) is, *actually*, in the full and peaceable possession of the Greeks; and has been purchased for them, by the blood of some of their noblest martyrs. It is earnestly to be hoped that, before the final

Already in their stations,  
And he called in Turkey, as he passed,  
With some further invitations !  
Then up—beyond the Balkan's height,—  
Till he could look afar,—  
As he did, with a long and joyous gaze,—  
O'er the regions of the Czar!—  
And the Devil was glad as a devil can be,  
By the time that he sailed over Italy !  
He *always* loved that sunny clime,—  
And he stood, in a noble glow,  
Where he had feasted, many a time,  
With the Cæsars, long ago !

## NOTES.

settlement of this young state, some terms of compromise or exchange may be found,—by which she may be enabled to retain members, the severing of which would engender feelings likely to retard her internal organization, for many years;—to say nothing of these places being (in the opinion of those who, alone, are in a position to form an opinion on the subject,) *absolutely necessary*, to give her a frontier capable of military defence.



He paused where Brutus slew his son,  
(The Devil was by at the time!)  
Where Cicero tempted felons on,  
And then hanged them for their crime ;  
(Much in *his own* pleasant manner—and B\*\*\*\*\*s,  
And he grinned to think he had such attorneyes!)—  
Where Quintus Curtius rode to Hell,  
By a new and curious door,  
Which has always been shut, since that proud day,  
And had never been opened, before !  
(But, *there*, his thoughts were painful, all,—  
Of a deeper gulph and a higher fall!)—  
Rome had, for ever, been to him  
“ A city of the heart,”  
And each of his spirits there, in turn,  
Had played a busy part,—  
But things had flourished beyond his hopes,  
Since the day when he made his vice-roys Popes !

Away—away!—o'er pleasant France,  
Where laugh and shout and song  
Are mingled with the merry dance ;





And dark-eyed girls, to music, twine  
The twisted tendrils of the vine,  
Her olive-groves among!—  
Where bounding hearts drink hope and joy  
In, with the common air,  
And tyranny must wed foul crime,  
Ere it can breed despair!—  
Where joyous feelings, overstrained,—  
Like harps played out of tune,—  
Make discords,—but so harsh and loud,  
They fright the very moon,—  
Till, one by one, they take their flight,  
Like lute-strings breaking in the night!  
The land was in a happy trance,  
But the Devil saw, at a single glance,  
That the trance could not be long;—  
So, he called on the king, at the Tuilleries,  
(He knew its private way,—for he  
Had often before been up the back-stair;)  
And what was said and settled there,  
By the Devil and the king,  
We are sure to know, on an early day;—

But, ere the fiend resumed his way,  
With a lighter mind and wing,  
He talked with the Dauphiness apart,—  
Oh! he loves a Bourbon in his heart!<sup>9</sup>

Away—across the broad blue moat

#### NOTES.

<sup>9</sup> It is impossible—for those who bear in mind the benefits which France purchased, by her last revolution, and the unutterably dreadful price which she paid for them,—to contemplate the conduct of the infatuated princes whom she, so generously, received back into her arms, (though they were the cowards who first fled from her, in her hour of trial,) without a feeling in which surprise is almost lost, in burning indignation. In the interests of humanity, it is most earnestly to be hoped that *that fated family*, who—like our own Stuarts—have neither learnt nor forgotten anything, in adversity and exile, may be swept from the Government of the noble nation over which they are so utterly unfitted to preside,—ere time shall have so far, again, identified them with her institutions and feelings as to render their expulsion only practicable at the expense of (were it but a fiftieth part of) the blood and pangs and guilt which they have cost her already. When we hear of her imbecile and gasconading monarch threatening “to show what a

That girdles England's strand,  
Till he landed where no enemy

## NOTES.

Bourbon can do, in the exercise of his power," can it be possible that he (an aged man,—and an eye-witness of things, which but to read of makes the blood curdle and creep in the veins of the young and buoyant,) can forget, were it through a vista of as many years as he has lived days, what a wronged *people* can do, when driven to the exertion of the power which resides in *them*? There is something awful in the thought of the human responsibility which the self-willed old man is daring or dotard enough to incur,—standing, as he does, according to all ordinary calculations of chances, within the very shadow of his tomb; and fearful, indeed, (should that which has been done, be to-do over again,) must be England's share of the blame, for her blind ministering to the lying spirit of legitimacy;—England, who did not hesitate to "put away the unclean thing," from amongst her own tabernacles, when its uncleanness was found to be incurable; and yet sent back to France her lepers, with their spots unwashed away, by all the rivers of blood and tears and sorrow,—each deep as Jordan,—through which they had passed. But our trust and our consolation are in France herself. She *cannot* recede. The spirit of a most enlightened freedom is warm and active within her; a spirit to win which she mortgaged all her treasures, even to her *virtue*! The last she has, in great measure, redeemed; and no possible power, or combination of powers or

But himself had dared to land !  
Awhile, he hovered high, to gaze  
On Ocean's fairest daughter,—  
But the Devil was tired of his airy flight,  
And quoth he, "I'll go by water !"  
So, he put his bundle in his hat,  
And spread one wing for a sail,  
And steered himself, like a water-rat,  
With his disencumbered tail !  
He passed by many a shepherd's plain,  
And many a ploughman's ridge,  
By the shallows of the ' Isle of dogs,'

## NOTES.

circumstances, can ever again sink her into that state of moral and political abasement from which she could only emerge by so fearful a revulsion as that which has, once, shaken her to pieces. It is to be wished that the party of that most wicked princess, the Dauphiness, (for wicked she must be who dares play with such elements,) may be permitted to gather and strengthen themselves in evil,—as we would wish to see the black and sulphurous clouds, which are scattered through the air, accumulate and draw to one point, that the discharge may take place, and the atmosphere be cleared, without mischief.



PHONES  
PLATE 120





And the rapids of London-Bridge ;—  
 Till he saw a huge mist-mantled dome,  
 Like a mighty mystery, wrapped in gloom ;  
 And on his ear came a holy chaunt,—  
 So he plunged, with a sudden souse,  
 And rose beside his ancient haunt,—  
 Where *holy* sounds were rather scant,—  
 The site of C\*\*\*t\*<sup>a r l c</sup>n-House !

They are two goodly cities, ours !  
 And the Devil paced them round ;  
 And much, amid their tents and towers,  
 (Their bower-screened walls, and wall-choked  
   bowers,)  
 To a Devil's taste he found !  
 (The Devil came, *incog*, to be sure,  
 But his progresses diurnal,  
 Like other 'fashionables'', found  
 Their way to the ' Court-Journal'.)  
 And much he saw to feed his pride,  
 And much to move his mirth,—

How the manners of his ancient court  
Were copied upon earth.  
Prince Mammon, his ambassador,  
Had pleasant things to tell,  
How he found himself as much at home  
As if he were in Hell :  
How his levee was attended  
By commoners and peers :  
And how all subscribed to keep the ways  
Of Satan in repairs :  
How he had got his private friends  
Into most of the public places ;  
And a little Devil to attend  
As page, to each of the ' Graces ;'  
In every government-office a clerk,  
And a porter in most of the halls,  
And scribes to chalk his puffs, in the dark,  
Along the public walls :  
How he played *Ecarté* with *the* duke,  
And taught the duke " a thing  
Or two",—till the duke, like a shuffler good,

Could always *turn the king!*

The Devil saw sycophants in power,  
And honesty in rags ;  
And bishops' consciences—in their sleeves,  
And lawyers'—in their bags ;  
Old usurers, licking up all around,  
Like a dying flame, in a socket ;  
And pensioners keeping their fingers warm,  
In the heat of the public pocket ;  
And demireps who rode and railed  
Over women of the town ;  
And slanderers darkening others' names,  
In honour of their own ;  
And judges, known from the thieves they hanged,  
By virtue of the gown ;  
And lowly courage, bending down  
Beneath some lordly bully ;  
And a deal of gambling going on,  
'Twixt the King and Mr. Gully !—  
The Devil only feared that earth  
So proud in its vice had grown,

It would soon be a hell, itself, and choose  
A devil of its own!<sup>10</sup>

The Devil to St. Stephen's went,  
And heard a long debate,  
On the motion of O'C\*\*\*\*],  
That the Devil take his seat;<sup>11</sup>  
That learned member shewed, in a speech,  
Of great research and *nous*,  
That Satan, at all times, by usage, had  
A seat within that House:—  
So, the Devil took, and rose in his place,  
And presented his petitions!  
(He was puzzled at first, to understand

## NOTES.

<sup>10</sup> Such is the natural course of all colonial possession; and such its inevitable destiny, at the moment when it shall have attained sufficient skill and resources in those arts which are the strength of the mother country, and the principle of its power.

<sup>11</sup> To any hypercritic, who may be inclined to find fault with this rhyme, we have to observe that Mr. O'C\*\*\*\*] is an Irishman, and he—the said hypercritic— a goose.





The novel coalitions!)  
He could not stay, to give his vote  
Against 'emancipation';—  
But he spoke of Sixteen, eighty-eight,  
And the danger of innovation ;  
He spoke of the Pope, and he said that the nation  
Had, already, *one* Scarlet abomination ;  
He implored them to pause, ere they doubled  
that evil,—  
And Sir Thomas L\*\*\*b\*\*\*\*e "paired off" with  
the Devil!

He saw, in the Ecclesiastical Court,  
Its 'familiar' ranged in a lane,  
As a dandy peer, on an elephant tame,  
Rode in,— and rode out, again ;  
And he, afterwards, heard that the dandy went,  
On his beast, through both Houses of parliament!

He stood in a dim Cathedral aisle,  
With his foot upon a tomb,  
And he wore his own dark, haughty smile,



'Mid its mystery and gloom!—  
The tomb of him who would have made  
The world too glad and free;  
And he trampled o'er the noble dead,  
Like hate o'er its enemy!  
The spirit he could not enslave!—  
And he spit upon the dead man's grave.

The Devil went into Newgate,—and saw  
A thief by a priest forgiven;  
By the word of the priest and the rope of the  
Hanged—and sent, straight, to heaven!—  
And the Devil grinned,—with as bitter a grin  
As of devil was ever begotten,  
To see the poor wretch turned off, with his ear  
And his conscience stuffed with *Cotton*.<sup>12</sup>

The Devil looked in, when the House of Peer

NOTES.

<sup>12</sup> Should any captious reader entertain a suspicion above excellent pun is not altogether a stranger to l

Was discussing the Catholic question;  
And heard many wise sayings that gladdened  
his ears,  
And quickened the fiends digestion;  
While W\*\*\*h\*\*s\*\* was mimicking

## NOTES.

we think it right to anticipate anything which he may be disposed to say in a spirit of depreciation,—by the assurance that the said pun was manufactured expressly for this work. And to any one who may, in spite of this assertion, be disposed to exercise an act of ownership (or of right of common,) over it, we give fair warning that he will place himself in the very invidious position of those against whom the reproach has been so justly launched, by Puff, in 'the Critic', of having, by a kind of prospective fraud, uttered our good things before us. Should even this fail to secure us in our claim to originality, we have only to say, in the last resort, that we should, assuredly, have said the above "good thing," if no one had ever said it, before us. And, upon each of these pleas, issue is joined.

We recommend to the perusal of Mr. Cotton, (and others, filling his solemn and responsible situation,) the perusal of an admirable and powerfully-written paper, called the "The Murderer's Last Night,"—which appeared, in Blackwood's Magazine, some time ago. It is dreadful to see wretches, loaded with crime, forced, at forty-eight hours' notice, into the presence of

An alligator's sighs;  
 And tears—*not* “such as angels weep,”—  
 Made Niles of E;d\*n's eyes!

The Devil slowly from the Bank,  
 Went musing to the Mint,—  
 And each for tempting men to crime  
 Supplied him with a hint;  
 And many things at each he found,

## NOTES.

their final Judge; and then, to have the public mind shocked, and the public example poisoned, by accounts of their happy and untrembling state of mind, which would, almost, make them into martyrs. If the public good requires that, for the public warning, these fearful sacrifices of human life shall be made, let not the warning be destroyed, and the sacrifice rendered vain, by those triumphing notes, which change the whole character of an execution:—and let not a wretch, (on whose hands, perhaps, the blood of a fellow-creature has scarcely, yet, had time to dry, and whose whole life has been a continued breach of laws, human and divine,) on the strength of a repentance,—wrung from him, by the certainty of immediate death, and stripped of all its merit by the impossibility of his committing further crime,—go, with a bold and confiding heart, to that tribunal which the best and purest may not face, but in a hope that is born of trembling.

That are a devil's food;  
 In *that* he saw the "Gates of Death,"  
 In *this* the "Field of Blood!"  
 And he made a note, as he went his way,  
 That Monday next was hanging-day!<sup>13</sup>

He stopped, on his way, in Lincoln's-Inn,  
 And gave a young gownsman a guinea,  
 To move for an injunction,  
 Against Chabert and Aldini!

He took a drive to the India House,

#### NOTES.

<sup>13</sup> Mr. Gates is the solicitor to the Society of Bankers, and Mr. Field the inspector to the Mint. Of these gentlemen, in their individual characters, we know nothing; and it is only to the proceedings in which they figure publicly, in their above capacities, that allusion is here made. The blame of those proceedings cannot be supposed to rest with them, any further than that their being agents, at all, of such systems is, of course, voluntary.

The total number of persons executed for forgery, or uttering forged instruments, in the years 1820 and 1821, were 36; of these, the Bank executions were 35!—*Parliamentary Return.*

Where he heard much pleasant news,  
The shooting of ninety-five Seapoys,  
And the burning of six Hindoos!

He stood beside a cottage lone,  
And listened to a lute,  
One summer eve, when the breeze was gone,  
And the nightingale was mute!  
The moon was watching, on the hill,  
The stream was staid, and the maples still,  
To hear a lover's suit,  
That—half a vow, and half a prayer,—  
Spoke less of hope than of despair;  
And rose into the calm, soft air,  
As sweet and low  
As he had heard—oh, woe! oh, woe!—  
The flutes of angels, long ago!—

“ By every hope that earthward clings,  
By faith, that mounts on angel-wings,  
By *dreams* that make night shadows bright,  
And *truths* that turn our day to night,

By childhood's smile, and manhood's tear,  
By pleasure's *day*, and sorrow's *year*,  
By all the strains that fancy sings,  
And pangs that time so surely brings,  
For joy or grief—for hope or fear,  
For all hereafter—as for here,  
In peace or strife—in storm or shine,  
My soul is wedded unto thine!"—

And for its soft and sole reply,  
A murmur and a sweet, low sigh,  
But not a spoken word;  
And, yet, they made the waters start  
Into *his* eyes who heard,  
For, they told of a most loving heart,  
In a voice like that of a bird!—  
Of a heart that loved,—though it loved in vain,  
A grieving—and, yet, not a pain!—  
A love that took an early root,  
And had an early doom,  
Like trees that never grow to fruit,

And, early, shed their bloom!<sup>14</sup>—  
 Of vanished hopes and happy smiles,  
 All lost for evermore;  
 Like ships, that sailed for sunny isles,  
 But never came to shore!—  
 A flower that, in its withering,  
 Preserved its fragrance, long;—  
 A spirit that had lost its wing,  
 But, still, retained its song!—  
 A joy that could not, *all*, be lost,  
 A comfort in despair!—  
 And the Devil fled, like a lated ghost,  
 That snuffs the purer air;  
 For he felt how lovers' own sweet breath  
 Surrounds them, like a spell,  
 And he knew that love—as “strong as death,”—  
 Is far too strong for Hell;  
 And, from the country of its birth,

## NOTES.

<sup>14</sup> E fornito 'l mio tempo a mezzo gli anni!

Brings thoughts—in sorrow or in mirth,—  
That sanctify the earth,—  
Like angels, earthward tempest driven,  
And waiting to return to heaven!

He saw a parson, counting o'er  
The parish fields in tillage ;  
Then tether his horse 'mid the waving grass,  
In the churchyard of the village!—  
And he thought of the agriculturist,  
From the home of his fathers driven,  
And the parson's wit, in making the *dead*  
A portion of his *Living*!

He saw a patriarch of the fields,  
A remnant of the past,—  
Fresh as an aged thorn, that yields  
Its blossoms to the last,—  
Lead forth, from England's merry shore,  
A young and sturdy brood,  
To cross the wide Pacific's roar,  
For shelter and for food!—



And he spoke, in his place, in parliament,  
In defence of tithes and heavy-rent! .

He heard a lawyer "making the worse  
Appear the better reason;"  
And, quoth he, "friend Belial's seed hath grown  
Much good fruit, in its season!" . .

He saw a pauper sent to the wheel,  
For starving and mendicity;—  
And he thought of England's equal laws,  
And a hungry Briton's felicity!

He saw two spouses, "newly *blest*,"  
Quarrelling over their tea;—  
"Why, 'devil with devil damned', at home,  
'Firm concord holds,' " quoth he!<sup>15</sup>

He saw a Bow-street officer

NOTES.

<sup>15</sup> And so said Milton, before him.

Bear witness against a thief ;  
And a magistrate pocket a parish-bribe,  
For refusing a pauper relief ;—  
And the Devil likened the one and the other,  
To the sons of Israel, selling their brother !

He subscribed to the society  
For suppressing the growth of vice ;<sup>16</sup>

## NOTES.

<sup>16</sup> A friend of ours,—who is a member of this society (and, we believe, a conscientious one, although, otherwise, a sensible man)—having occasion, some time since, to look in upon us, apologized for the haste with which he almost immediately took his leave, by stating that he was on his way “to attend a meeting of the ‘Society for the *Promotion* of Vice.’” Upon being reminded by us, (to whom the mistake was remarkably savoury) that from the mouths of children and idiots,—and of those from whom haste and inadvertence takes, for the moment, that deliberation which distinguishes from children and idiots,—great moral and practical truths might, sometimes, be, casually, gathered, our friend had nothing for it, but to retreat from the room and the argument, under cover of a very bad pun, (not remarkable, either, for its grammatical precision,) — assuring us that he meant *vice-versâ*.

And the Devil shewed his piety,  
By giving donations, twice!  
At present, the *chair* is ably filled,  
And, of course, they have no *vice*,  
Or the Devil's zeal is such, he were sure  
To be chosen, in a trice!

He saw a father *pressed*, in his bed;  
And the Devil laughed his fill,  
To think that Wilberforce was dead,  
And the slave-trade living, still;—  
And he muttered one of our national staves,  
“ Britons never shall be slaves !”

The Devil went to the Opera-house,  
At eight, on Saturday-night,  
And many things, there, he both saw and heard,  
That tickled his ear and sight!  
The manager's clock struck the hour of twelve,  
Just as the *Ballet* was done,  
So, the Devil's watch must have been too fast,  
For, it pointed *nearly one* !

Oh! sweetest, in the Devil's eye,  
Is the sin that is covered with a lie ;  
And dearest those who take his road,  
Like monks of old, *in the name of God!*

A Hebrew knelt, in the dying light,—  
His eye was dim and cold,  
The hairs on his brow were silver-white,  
And his blood was thin and old !  
He lifted his look to his latest sun,—  
For, he knew that his pilgrimage was done !—  
And as he saw God's *shadow* there,<sup>17</sup>  
His spirit poured itself in prayer !

“ I come unto death's second-birth,  
Beneath a stranger-air,  
A pilgrim on a dull, cold earth,


## NOTES.

<sup>17</sup> Plato calls Truth, the body of God, and Light, his *shadow!*—perhaps the sublimest of all conceptions, having a merely mortal breast for their birth-place.

As all my fathers were !  
And men have stamped me with a curse,—  
I feel it is not *Thine*,  
Thy mercy—like yon sun—was made  
On me—as them—to shine ;  
And, therefore, dare I lift mine eye,  
Through that, to Thee,—before I die !

“ In this great temple, built by Thee,  
Whose altars *are* divine,  
Beneath yon lamp, that, ceaselessly,  
Lights up Thine own true shrine,  
Oh ! take my latest sacrifice,—  
Look down, and make this sod  
Holy as that where, long ago,  
The Hebrew met his God !

“ I have not caused the widow's tears,  
Nor dimmed the orphan's eye,  
I have not stained the virgin's years,  
Nor mocked the mourner's cry ;  
The songs of Zion, in mine ear,



Have, ever, been most sweet,  
And, always, when I felt Thee near,  
My 'shoes' were 'off my feet'!

" I have known Thee, in the whirlwind,  
I have known Thee, on the hill,  
I have loved Thee, in the voice of birds,  
Or the music of the rill!—  
I dreamt Thee, in the shadow,  
I saw Thee, in the light,  
I heard Thee, in the thunder-peal,  
And worshipped, in the night!  
All beauty, while it spoke of Thee,  
Still made my soul rejoice,  
And my spirit bowed within itself,  
To hear Thy 'still-small voice'!—  
I *have* not felt myself a thing  
Far from Thy presence driven,  
By flaming sword or waving wing,  
Shut out from Thee and heaven!

" Must I the whirlwind reap, because

My fathers sowed the storm,  
Or shrink—because *another* sinned,—  
Beneath Thy red right-arm ?  
Oh ! much of this we dimly scan,  
And much is all unknown,—  
But I will not take my curse from *men*,  
I turn to Thee, alone !  
Oh ! bid my fainting spirit live,  
And what is dark reveal,  
And what is evil oh ! forgive,  
And what is broken heal,  
And cleanse my nature, from above,  
In the deep Jordan of Thy love !

“ I know not if the Christian's heaven  
Shall be the same as mine,  
I only ask to be forgiven,  
And taken home to Thine !  
I weary on a far, dim strand,  
Whose mansions are as tombs,  
And long to find the father-land,  
Where there are many homes !—

Oh ! grant, of all yon starry thrones,  
Some dim and distant star,  
Where Judah's lost and scattered sons  
May love Thee, from afar !  
When all earth's myriad harps shall meet,  
In choral praise and prayer,  
Shall Zion's harp—of old, so sweet,—  
Alone be wanting, there?  
Yet, place me in Thy lowest seat,  
Though I—as now—be, there,  
The Christian's scorn, the Christian's jest ;  
But let me see and hear,  
From some dim mansion, in the sky,  
Thy bright ones, and their melody !”

The sun goes down, with sudden gleam,  
And—beautiful as a lovely dream,  
And silently as air,—  
The vision of a dark-eyed girl,  
With long and raven hair,  
Glides in—as guardian spirits glide,—  
And, lo ! is kneeling by his side ;



As if her sudden presence, there,  
Were sent, in answer to his prayer!  
(Oh! say they not that angels tread  
Around the good man's dying-bed!)  
His child!—his sweet and sinless child!—  
And as he gazed on her,  
He knew his God was reconciled,  
And this the messenger,—  
As sure as God had hung, on high,  
The promise-bow before his eye!—  
Earth's purest hope thus o'er him flung,  
To point his heaven-ward faith,  
And life's most holy feeling strung,  
To sing him into death!—  
And, on his daughter's stainless breast,  
The dying Hebrew sought his rest!

The Devil turned, uneasily, round,  
For he knew that the place was holy ground!  
But, ere he passed, he saw a Turk  
Spit on the bearded Jew;  
And a Christian cursed those who could not eat pork;—

••

•••••



Quoth the Devil, "these worthies may do my work;  
For one lost, here are two!  
Turk, or Jew, or their Christian brother,  
I seldom lose one, but I gain another!"

He saw an ancient friend of his,  
When a lean and furious whig;—  
But his voice was small and bell-like, now,  
And his *system* sleek and big;  
His sleeves were of lawn,—and each of them  
Would have held a tithing pig;  
And he looked like a clerk who would rather beg  
Than either starve or dig;  
And his words were full of wisdom, now,  
The "wisdom" that comes with "the wig!"—  
And the Devil smiled,—and quoth he, "we made  
Our way in the world, by the self-same trade!"

The Devil walked up Chancery-Lane,  
And into the Chancery-Court,  
Intending, like many who enter there,  
To make his visit short!—

But the *Printer's* devil—a little black imp!—  
Is waiting for his *tail*,<sup>18</sup>  
And swears—like a chip of the parent-block,—  
That his time and patience fail ;—  
So, all we can add to the present strain  
Is, THE DEVIL HAS NOT, YET, GOT OUT, AGAIN!

## NOTES.

<sup>18</sup> *Query, Tale?*



## POSTSCRIPT,

BY

THE PUBLISHER.

THE Publisher has reason to believe, (notwithstanding the undoubted general correctness of the information possessed by the 'Court-Journal' and its Editor, as to the movements of fashionable and distinguished persons,) that the Prince of Darkness has, by some inconceivable means, escaped from the clutches of the Chancellor;—probably because "the King's conscience" and the Devil are a couple of subjects a great deal too slippery to be kept, at the same time, by the same man, (even though that man be a lawyer and the prince of lawyers,—a race proverbial for keeping fast hold of

anything they can lay their hands upon.) In reference to the first of these, we have had many reasons to know that the King's conscience is a peculiarly subtle possession,—exceedingly supple and tortuous; and apt, upon all possible occasions, to slip through the fingers of those who should have the charge of it. It is said that Lord Eldon (a most wicked satirist,—funny to excess,—and, at the same time, a man of remarkable *tenacity*,—distinguished, alike, for his firm retention of substantialities and nonentities,—the good things of this age, and the delusions of preceding ones,—place, perquisites and prejudices,) facetiously accounted for the little control which he was able to exercise over *that* questionable property, by comparing it to the single hair, (taken from the head of John the Baptist, after it had come into the possession of the interesting daughter of Herodias,) which was shewn, as their most precious relic, by the monks of an Italian Convent. Some visitor, a little more curious than one properly endowed with faith ought to be, having expressed a suspicion that the said hair was somewhat apocryphal, for no better reason than because (by the aid of spectacles of a tolerably magnifying capacity,) he was wholly unable to see it, was very justly rebuked by the holy fathers who had it in charge, and profited by its exhibition,—

with the assurance that they had never, yet, been able to see it, themselves, although they had shewn it for twenty years.

However all this may be, the publisher's reason for supposing that the Devil is, once more, at large, and roaming somewhere about the earth, (apparently unknown to the proprietors of the 'Court-Journal,') is the following announcement,—taken, some time ago, from a Scotch Newspaper, (and to which he has the pleasure to call their attention ;)—

“ SATAN ARRIVED IN GLASGOW, BY THE MAIL, LAST NIGHT !”

LONDON :

Printed by J. Unwin, White Lion Court, Cornhill.









